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MORNING MUSICAL HOURS SONGS

By George W. Ward.

ILLUSTRATED

By Will L. Everett, Knowles.



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MORNING MUSINGS

AND

HEART SONGS

By GEORGE W. ABELI

ILLUSTRATED

By WILL L. EVERETT KNOWLES

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BY GEORGE W. ABELI AND
WILL L. EVERETT KNOWLES

Preface

To my mind one of the sweetest and most satisfying compensations of Authorship is the consciousness of being able to contribute something to the pleasure, enjoyment and uplift of our common humanity.

If some little poem or simple word of mine will bring sunshine in place of sorrow; joy, instead of sadness; or harmony out of discord, and cause the flowers of love and beauty to bloom in the garden of some lonely heart; I shall be satisfied

GEORGE W. ABELL,

Grand Rapids, Michigan

1909



GEORGE W. ABELL

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OBSERVATIONS

Just the glance of the eye
From a passer-by,
And yet it meant so much;
Just the grasp of a hand
In a foreign land,
Yet hope came with the touch

Just a loving word,
Like song of bird,
To one bowed down with grief;
Just a kindly deed,
In the hour of need,
Brings quick and sweet relief

Just a little jest
May cause mirth,
And a tender heart offend,
Just a word of cheer
Will dry a tear,
When it comes from a bosom friend

Just a ray of light,
Like a spark at night,
Set a humble soul aflame;
Just a word of truth
In the breast of youth,
And a life is saved from shame

Just some word o' ours,
Like the summer flowers
May cheer some friend that's sad,
Just a kindly act,
Or a smile, in fact,
Will make some lone heart glad



'O! Lily beautiful, I bow in reverence at thy shrine!"

THE LILY'S LESSON

O, Lily beautiful! I bow in reverence at thy shrine,
For thou, in thy unfolding life, art counterpart of mine.
A life two-fold, in outer form so modest, yet so fair;
A vital soul within, that breathes a perfume rich and rare.

O, that I might understand thee better, little flower,
The mystery of thy life; the secret of thy power,
Upon each wandering breeze that kisses thee, thou dost impart
The fragrance of thy pure, sweet self, the essence of thy heart.

That mighty force unseen, that makes thy beauty most divine,
Is just the same that feeds my soul and clothes this life of mine.
Thy lesson--"Lily of the field"--to me indeed is true.

O, would that I in heart and life might be as pure as you

THE BROOK'S MISSION

Out through the moss like a silver thread
A pure little stream came springing;
And away it sped o'er its pebbly bed,
While its own sweet song 'twas singing.

With many a turn twixt reed and fern
And under the alders creeping
It lingered awhile with a trembling smile,
Then over the rocks went leaping.

"Why hasten you so, in your onward flow?"
Said a tree beside it growing.
But the brook replied, "I've a mission wide
And so I must keep on going."

Then dancmg away, the live-long day
With smiles on its tiny billows,
Came tumbling along with never a frown
In the shade of the drooping willows.

"Whence and where?" asked a grey old rock.
"Do you go in your aimless winding?"
But the brooklet said, "There are mills ahead
And I turn their wheels for the grinding."

Then rippling along with cheerful song
While the water of life 'twas giving;
"My mission," it said, "is not for the dead,
But ever to help the living."



"Then rippling along with a cheerful song,
While the water of life t'was giving."

UNDER THE SNOW

What means this commotion, down under the snow?

Is Nature's grand army, all marshalled below?
Such wondrous activity nowhere is found.

As now seems in progress, just under the ground:
Such wriggling, and twisting, and turning about,

Of each little seed, and each tiny sprout.

"Their campaign is on"—and they're planning, I know,
To come from their hiding place, under the snow.

So, patiently waiting, as day follows day,

The snow just above them, fast melting away,
When thus spoke the crocus; "Now I must be first,

My head is so swelled, I fear it will burst."

Then up through the sod, ere the snow had all gone,

It shone like a gem in the grass on the lawn,
Where, robed in its beauty, 'tis waiting, I know,

Its friends that are coming from under the snow.

The hyacinth next, all dressed up in blue,

Peeped forth from the mold on the mound where it grew
Saluting the crocus, it laughingly said—

"I'm more than delighted to get out of bed."

Together they visit, now, all the day long,

Enjoying their freedom, midst sunshine and song,
And never forgetting one moment, I know,

Their little companions down under the snow.

"O I welcome you both!" the daffodil said,

While gracefully nodding her pale yellow head.

"So long have I waited for one little ray

Of sunshine, to soften the bed where I lay,

What a time we will have out here in the breeze,

With the birds all singing their songs in the trees,
We'll laugh at our sisters who linger below,

Still planning their toilet, down under the snow."

The tulip, the lily, and violet, too,

In sweet combination of red, white, and blue,

Now claim recognition for beauty and grace,

And so are accorded a prominent place

In Nature's procession, now growing each day.

The snow, once abundant, is melting away,

And each little blossom is sweeter I know

For spending its winter down under the snow.

The wind from the southland blows fitful and warm,

The snow disappears in the path of the storm,

While life, new and tender, is everywhere seen,

And shadows creep softly o'er billows of green,

Low hum of the honey bee, song of the bird,

In garden and apple tree now may be heard,

While daisies and buttercups spring from below,

Where long they've been hiding down under the snow

Oh! world of creation, whose triumph is Man,

To search out and fathom thy secrets, who can?

We seek for our origin, only to find

That we are but parts of the Infinite mind.

The same God that careth for blossom and tree

Gives freely his spirit, to you and to me;

Will guard and will guide us, wherever we go,

Even after we're sleeping—down under the snow

SUNRISE

The morn's first light crept softly,
O'er the couch whereon I lay,
The robin sing his sweetest song,
To greet the new-born day.

I drew aside the curtain,
As the clock was striking five
And watched the morning glory
Grateful just to be alive.

The minkling stars were dimly,
For the shade of night had gone,
The crescent moon now pale grew paler
In the soft approaching dawn.

Till the sun did first rose — many
Afar the distant Easteren hill,
And bathed in gold the valley
Sleeping peacefully and still.

Then the mists so light and airy
Floated silently away,
Hiding in Beevy clouds of beauty,
For the coming orb of day.

Morning glory — Earth transfigured
— Scarcely had the day begun,
Fire-red opening bairns and blossoms
Turned their faces to the sun.

Birds were sitting on their bower
Caroling their mornstays,
And swelling the mighty chorus
In one glad clamor of praise.

Come, let us all exult,
With voices raised in joy,
Fill the earth with all thy glory,
Hail! — the day we're born!



SUNRISE

"Beauteous sunrise bringing joy with every blessed morn" "

INSPIRATION

Thou dost come to me in the silent watches of the night
And when my waking eyes behold the first gray streaks of light,
Or with some perfume-laden breeze from far-off sunny bowers;
And in the song of birds; or chime of bells, from distant towers.

I hail thee with delight. Thou art indeed a welcome guest:
For, from my inner, nobler self, thou callest forth the best.
Yet, oft I try in vain to woo thee from thy far retreat.
Full well I know without thy touch, my muse is incomplete.

I wait, with longing soul, some hint, thy spirit may impart,
To help me weave about my thoughts the language of my heart.
Thou comest to uplift, and help, sweet messenger divine.
I want thee near, to guide and keep, this erring heart of mine.

I fain would catch the beauty, oft revealed, in Nature's face,
And yet, without thine aid, her fairest lines I can not trace.
I'd search earth's fields and heaven's dome, for wonders, rare and new
If thou but lead me in my quest, no limit to my view.

Be with me, when I stroll through wood, and vale, where violets bloom,
And where the sweet arbutus creeps, and breathes her rare perfume;
And when I watch the summer sun sink low, at eventide;
Or gaze with raptured soul on star-lit sky--be thou my guide.

And should I search truth's wide domain, if haply I may find,
Some gems of priceless worth, with which to feed my hungry mind;
I'm sure I'll need thy guidance then, O! monitor of light,
In all those wondrous realms of thought--to help me choose the right.

I can not solve earth's mysteries, that lie along my way,
Until I listen to thy voice, and recognize thy sway.
So when upon my life's rough sea, the fogs my way obscure,
I'll let thee steer my little bark, to anchor, safe and sure.

TO A PANSY

Little Pansy, I love you and God loves you too;

So gracefully swaying out there in the dew,

Marvel of beauty—bright little flower,

Face always smiling, in sunshine or shower,

In blushing or color—such delicate shade,

No artist hath painted, nor man ever made,

You greet me each morning, and seemingly say

In this demand be patient—here we all the day.

in the mission with mission so high,

As doing a welcome to each passer by,

Each son of a teacher to me is quite clear,

That a like ear etc. shall scatter good cheer,

As seen in your exceeding direct civility,

I cannot but wish that your beauty were mine,

When every day I look at you, and I hold here at night,

There is no sweet thing in virtue save a sweet

Devotion, and I carefully day after day,

Spend the evening you would more than repaid,

With your tender and patient indulgence,

As shown in our city, could stand in no face

More comely, and more sweet than thine,

But if I had a child, or you have the help of

an infant, then could I stand have more belief

in you, than in any other creature,

Young and innocent, and full of hope,

You make me think of purple and gold,

The golden glow of the sun, and the evening light,

You are a picture of innocence, and the

radiance of the moon in my heart,

I am a fool to pass you by, and miss your merit,

For you are a jewel, and I am the other, an

old, worn-out, and faded old jewel.



"Marvel of beauty; bright little flower,
Face always smiling in sunshine or shower!"

SCARS

Now perhaps you're often tempted
Just to speak some hasty word,
Or perchance repeat some gossip
You have lately overheard,
Little thinking when it's uttered,
How a precious *life* 'twill mar,
On some heart that's nearly broken
It may leave an ugly scar.

Scares remain, so please don't say it.
Rather speak some word of cheer
Which will drive away the shadow
Or perchance may dry a tear.
Cutting words, O how they rankle,
When our nerves are all ajar,
Wounds thus made, are long in healing
And they always leave a scar.

"No worse," some say, "to speak than think them."
Though with such I can't agree,
Cruel thoughts first harm the thinker,
But when uttered—you and me—
When we're tired, worn and weary
Kindly words are better far,
Smiles will help us more than curses
And they never leave a scar.

Though a smile may cost us nothing,
'Tis a thing we highly prize;
Makes the heavy burden lighter,
Helps the fallen ones to rise,
May we guard our speech so wisely,
Keep our lips with lock and bar,
Lest we wound our friends so deeply
Time can ne'er efface the scar.

NATURE'S HARMONIES

I wondered one day on the hillside,
And there 'neath my favorite tree,
Communed for awhile with Nature,
Which is ever so dear to me.
For I heard in the woodland echoes
A music almost divine,
And the song of the thrush and the robin,
Found a place in this heart of mine.

Love the vines and the flowers
And the wild bird's sweet refrain,
The babbling brook in shady nook,
And the music of battering rain,
Or the hush of sunset's silence
When all is calm and still,
Save the low, sweet note of the cat bird
And song of the whip-poor-will.

No voice to me like Nature's voice
To stir my throbbing brain,
No song to me like Nature's song
To sooth away its pain,
I love to sit in the twilight,
When the day is almost done
And watch its fading glory
In the gleam of the setting sun.

And I long for a clearer vision
To see with insight rare,
A tree and bird and blossom,
The beauty that lingers there
With a love for Nature's music
My daily prayer shall be,
That I may hear more plainly
The song that is meant for me.



"The hush of sunset's silence
when the day is almost done."

THE ARCH OF BLUE

I try in the gathering twilight,
With a reverent heart and true,
To catch some gleam of the high light,
From the stars way up in the blue;
God hears my cry,
And He notes my sigh,
Neath His wonderful arch of blue.

Each new found light is a treasure
The instrument brings to my view,
And great are the minds that measure
The worlds in the far away blue
A voice from the spheres,
Comes oft to my ears,
And I'm touched to tears,
When I'm scanning the arch of blue.

I'll write of a wondrous story;
And yet I'm persuaded its true,
That I may see in his glory
Their builder up there in the blue
For God in His might,
Will lead me aright,
And show me the light,
To my home in the arch of blue.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Ye showers of leaves, gold, crimson and brown,
Their mission now ended, come fluttering down.
Wavering atoms of beauty are these,
Loosed from their moorings up there in the trees

Dreamily drifting, mere toys of the wind,
Hither and thither, like thoughts of the mind;
Messengers each with a story to tell
Whispering softly a hasting farewell

Hurrying, scurrying, eddying round,
Seeking a resting place here on the ground.
Rictors, rustling, rollicking leaves,
Over their passing my spirit now grieves

Leaves of the Autumn, how little they care
That trees that have born them, stand naked and bare.
With garments of splendor, in scarlet and gold,
They're borne by the winds to their home in the mould

Fair little beauties, we pass with a sigh
The place where you rest, and the grave where you lie.
How much we shall miss you, no one can tell,
Bright leaves of Autumn, farewell, farewell!



"The Storm moved slowly onward toward the lake."

THE STORM

'Twas an evening in September,
One I always will remember;
From my toiling I had sought some needed rest,
I was tired, worn and sleepy,
As I watched from out my tepee
A storm cloud, as it gathered in the west.

Like some noble head, now hoary,
It was crowned with saffron glory.
The sun had sunk behind it for the day,
Through the twilight's soft encroaching,
Then the storm was fast approaching,
Though at first 'twas miles and miles away.

Deep reverberating thunder,
Filling one with awe and wonder,
The valley echoed back its mighty roar,
Now a hush! almost appalling,
Over the darkened waters falling,
With first the faintest whisper on the air.

Then the first big drops that pattered
On the dry leaves; how they clattered!
An earnest of the deluge bye and bye,
Like to mimic balls that rattle
From a skirmish line in battle,
O'er the flying quadrions of the sky.

It was a lull or short duration,
Then with deepest intonation
Came the thunder, pealing louder than before,
And the lightning's vivid lashing
Showed the angry billows dashing
Through the rugged, rocky caverns of the shore.

Didst the tempest's fearful roar sing
And the swelling torrents pouring,
We may pray to check its fury, but in vain
Oh! the havoc it created,
As it swept on, unabated,
Cross the darkened valley, to the plain.

Then receding in the distance,
Overcoming all resistance,
The storm moved slowly onward, toward the lake,
Having spent its force and power,
It became a gentle shower,
Little heeding the destruction in its wake.

But as the mists were passing from us,
Quickly sprang the bow of promise,
While thunder peals were sounding far away,
Then no longer was I sleepy,
And I crept outside my tepee;
For the nightingale was singing o'er the bay.

THANKSGIVING

Am I thankful? Yes — for all the blessings of the passing year,
For *country, home and friends*; and every good my heart holds dear
For *kindness, love and sympathy* and *power to choose the right*,
For every aspiration looking upward toward the light

For every noble impulse too, that makes me *true and kind*
And every vision of the *truth*, that flits across the mind;
Yes, more than grateful, that it is my heart's desire
Some *thought* or *written word* of mine may *other lives inspire*

I'm glad and thankful too, for *books* and for the printed page
That bring to me the thoughts of noble minds in this and every age,
Grateful also that in *Nature* I can clearly hear and see
Something of the *music* and the *beauty* God has created for me

So each recurring morn I ask for light to guide me through the day
Of Him who only knows my heart and hears me when I pray,
Yes — into Him who gives to all *His Blessings rich and rare*,
I offer up with grateful heart, my humble, joyous prayer

THE FALLING LEAF

At ease in my hammock, one Autumn day found me,
'Neath foliage tinted in loveliest hues,
While Nature's sweet voices that whispered around me
Awakened my soul and invited the muse.

What movement of grace to my senses appealing,
From branches now clothed in scarlet and gold
A bright little leaf in its beauty revealing,
Floats silently down to its home in the mould

I caught up the leaf so frail and so slender,
Held converse a moment, and this way my quest
How is said I, you are robed in such splendor,
Your labors all over and going to rest?

This my reward, now the leaflet made answer,
I've always been faithful to duty you see
I've gathered the rain and the dew and the sunshine
And added my mite to the growth of the tree

Yes, glad of the service thus able to render
To give of my life its strength to renew,
Now happy am I, though fading my splendor
For I know to what mission I've ever been true

I pondered awhile on its lesson of duty
And wondered if I, when life's journey was run
Would go to my rest thus clothed in beauty,
And conscious at last of my labor well done

A MOTHER'S REFLECTION

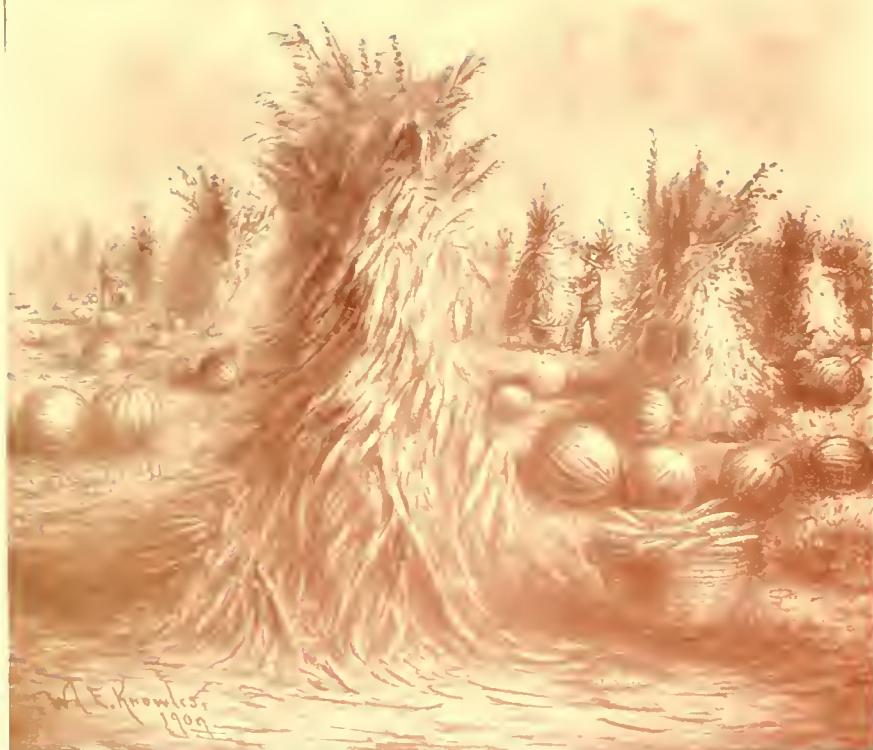
She's a sprightly little midget, just as cute as she can be
As she skips across the sitting room and climbs upon my knee
She's as lively as a cricket now, and just about as spry,
Yet, I'm sad when I remember that she'll leave me, bye and bye

She has rosy cheeks and dimples, yes, and eyes of deepest blue,
And such a charming little laugh, and heart so pure and true,
How I long to keep her always, but it's no use to try;
The years will come and go, and then she'll leave me, bye and bye.

She oft gets into mischief, too, and climbs upon my chair;
Yet she knows she's mamma's darling, so of course she doesn't care.
Now she's sweet and bright and cunning; till I cannot help but sigh,
For each day she's getting older and will leave me, bye and bye.

So I watch her grow in beauty, every year adds to her charm;
While my mother love grows stronger, as I fold her in my arms;
Yet, tugging at my heart strings, there is something makes me cry,
For I know my precious treasure's bound to leave me, bye and bye.

Then I stand the separation for just a little while,
Can I bear the heavy burden, then, and bear it with a smile?
Yes, in glad anticipation, O, how hard I'll try!
For, just beyond the parting, will be meeting bye and bye.



"For he's hauling in his pumpkins,
And is husking out his corn."

HUSKING OUT THE CORN

'Tis October, fair October,
With the forests all ablaze,
Flinging out the gorgeous colors
Through the soft Autumnal haze;
And the country lad is happy now
As mortal ever born;
For he's hauling in his pumpkins
And husking out his corn.

Yes, the lovely days of Autumn-tide,
Are gliding swiftly past,
So the former boy must hustle,
For he knows they cannot last.
When the weather's cold and stormy
He is just a bit forlorn,
While he's gathering his pumpkins
Or husking out his corn.

Now his crops are quite abundant
He has plenty it appears
For his turkeys, pigs and chickens
And to fatten up his steers.
How we love to hear him whistle
On a crisp October morn,
While he gathers in his pumpkins
And is husking out his corn.

Yes, he's tying up his fodder
And is putting it in shocks
While the city chap is figuring
The profit on his stocks;
Still his appetite is splendid
When he hears the dinner horn,
While he's hauling in his pumpkins
Or is husking out his corn.

DO IT TO-DAY

If a beautiful thought you chance to possess,
Just tell it; yes,—tell it today!
For the world may be waiting for you to express
Some truth you have hidden away.

A vision perhaps in the stillness of night,
This thought has made clear as the day;
Then give it to us in its garments of light
And twill help to illumine our way.

Have you joy in your bosom? then let it be known;
Let smiles o'er your countenance play;
For thousands are waiting to make them their own.
So deal them their portion today.

You're a singer maybe! Will you sing us a song?
Yes, sing it, O, sing it, today!
No morrow perchance may come to the throng
And your voice may be stilled with the day.

With music your soul with its harmony fill?
Can your fingers most skillfully play?
Don't wait for the morrow, our senses to thrill,
But give us your best for today.

If a missive of love you'd write to a friend,
O, do not neglect it, I pray!
Should you wait till the morn it may never be penned,
Then you'd wished you had written today.

Each thought we express or each song that we sing
Let us do in our kindliest way;
If it comes from the heart, what joy it will bring,
Let's do it; yes, do it, today.



There is health out in the country,
Where the wheat and barley grow

WHEN THE BLOOM IS ON THE CLOVER

Now a drive is just delightful
In the country lying near,
Or a stroll across the meadow,
Where the brook is running clear;
There the bobolink is singing,
And the lark is soaring high;
When the bloom is on the clover,
And the beard is on the rye.

There are thistles in the pasture
Where the summer breezes play,
And a thousand fragrant beauties
Greet us all along the way.
There are buttercups and daisies,
Quite enough to please the eye,
When the bloom is on the clover,
And the beard is on the rye.

Oh, the undulating prairie,
With its fields of waving grain,
Has for me a fascination
Like the billows of the main.
There the shadows chase each other,
While the clouds are sailing by;
When the bloom is on the clover,
And the beard is on the rye.

There are many, many voices
In the latter days of June,
Helping swell the mighty chorus,
When all nature is in tune,
Just to hear the reaper's clicking
Has a charm for such as I;
When the bloom is on the clover,
And the beard is on the rye.

There is health out in the country,
Where the wheat and barley grow,
Where the golden sunshine lingers
And the gentle breezes blow;
There beauty greets the senses
Both in field and air and sky,
When the bloom is on the clover,
And the beard is on the rye.

Yes, among the purple blossoms,
Gaily nodding here and there;
Oh, how much you would enjoy them,
Can you find a day to spare,
It is time to take your outing,
Let me tell you on the sly,
When the bloom is on the clover,
And the beard is on the rye.

OUTING

In summer and autumn, through
From yonder wood is bringing,
A fragrance sweeter than the rose,
From where the flowers are springing.
They bid me come. My plans are made,
The city cannot hold me
The forest lures me to its shade,
Where nature may enfold me.

I climb the hills with eager feet,
And through the vales I wander,
Or in some cozy lone retreat,
I read, and think, and ponder
Where thrive the lily, fern and rush,
Here, beaten and binded together,
The chipmonk scampers through the brush,
The hare bounds o'er the heather.

The cricket chirps from off the rock,
Concrete rain and thunder,
The squirrel from his lofty perch,
Looks down with fear and wonder,
The thrush sings sweet at close of day,
The dove th' shadowy wing,
The brook pours forth his lay
While in the trees he stirs.

He coms along, a eve to hear
It soothes me when I'm weary,
Through one fair sweater greets my ear
The wood note of the veery
So, in my tent beside the stream
That flows beneath the valley,
I recline and fondly dream
The mosses for a pillow.

It's restful here, there seems no strife
Save nature's charming rustle,
More quiet this than city life,
Where men do naught but bustle.
Here in your hammock, you may lie,
Or on the lake go sailing,
Or whip some stream with rod and fly,
In our st. of trout or graling.

O! business man with nervous ajar,
And brain all worn and weary,
These woodland echoes, near and far,
Will make you bright and cheery
So close your office, lock the door,
And cease your endless worry,
Come, learn of nature evermore,
For nature does not hurry.

Relax your nerves, come take a rest,
Restore your poor digestion,
To one with business cares oppressed,
Good nature's out of the question,
Roam through the woods, go where you will,
Peruse some charming story,
Or view at eve, from Derry hill,
The sunset's fading glow.

Be just yourself, your nobler self,
With sky and stars above you,
Free from care, and greed or pelf,
With nature's God to love you
Sit, sleep and bathe it morn or noon,
Thru' all the sunshine tasks,
In morning leath, life's priceless boon,
No hours for me the asking.



"Each well worn path in the pasture field."

BACK TO THE DEAR OLD HOME

I'm going back to the dear old farm,
Where I spent my boyhood days,
To the rolling fields of waving grain
Where the breeze and sunshine plays,
Yes, back to the old New England home,
To the cottage neath the trees:
And little *red school house* on the hill
Where I learned my A. B. C.'s

A sunburned urchin with freckled face,
With my feet all brown and bare,
I climbed the hills of the dear old place
Free as the birds of the air
Each well worn path, though the pasture field
I'm sure I'll ne'er forget;
The noisy ring of the *old cow bell*,
In my dreams I hear it yet.

Garden and *orchard*, with loaded trees,
And spring just under the hill,
And *old gourd dipper* hung by a string,
I fancy it hangs there still,
The *vine-covered porch* I loved so well
Where father so oft was found,
Reading aloud from the good old book,
With his children playing round.

The cane-seat rocker with wide spread arms
Held grand mother's aged form,
Working away on stocking and mitts
She was knitting to keep us warm,
The *fire place*, too, and *red brick hearth*
With its andirons shining bright,
And *tea kettle singing on the crane*,
In the wood fire's flickering light

With our supper over and lessons learned
And family prayers all said,
A kind good night and a candle light,
We scampered upstairs to bed
Those scenes are past fifty years and more
Yet linger in memory still,
I'm going back to the old home nest
To the cottage on the hill.

(This poem will soon be published with several full page illustrations)
By Knowles



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